



The Daily Task.

P. Simpson, Calcutta.

JANUARY 11, 1911.]

THE TIMES OF INDIA

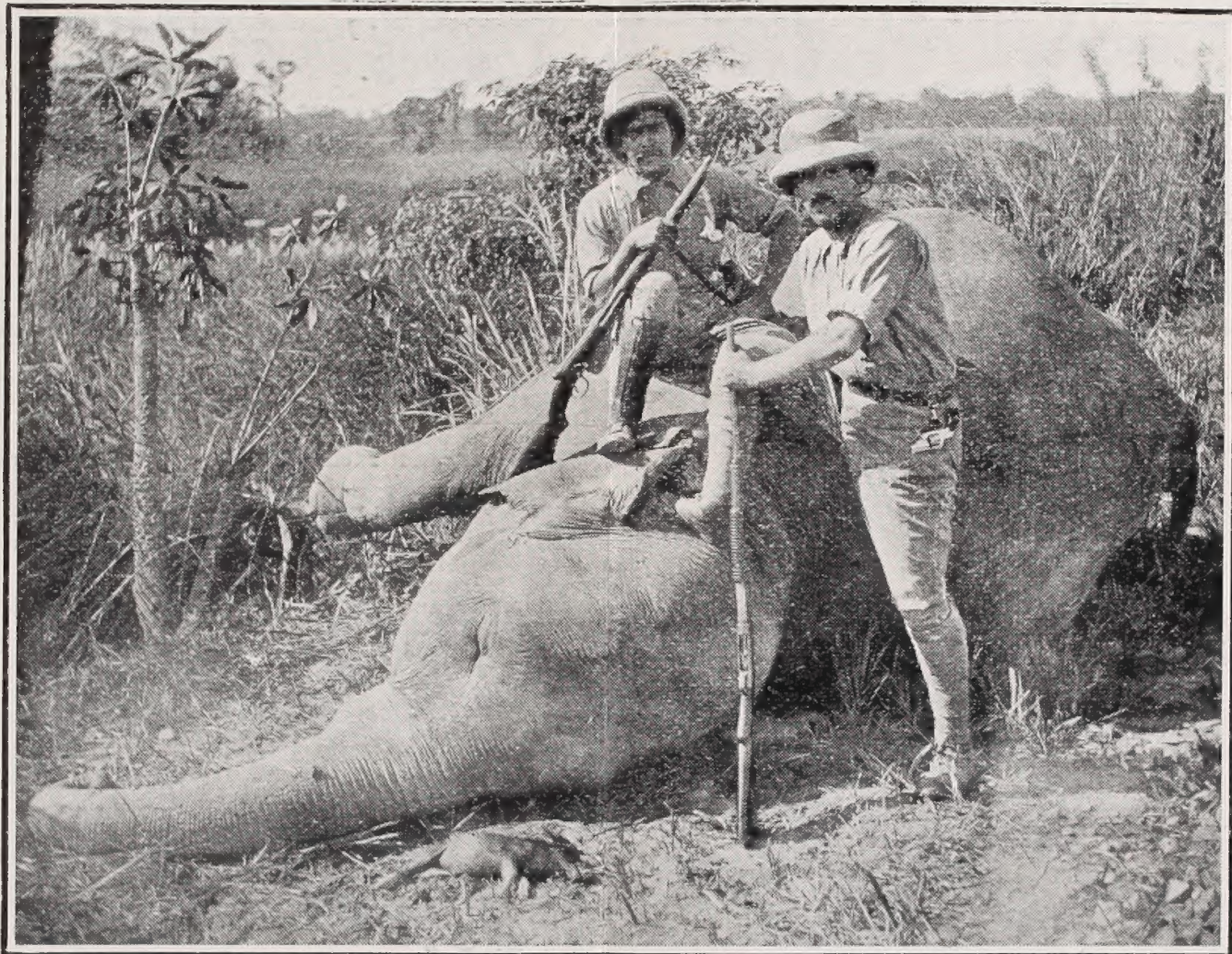


PHOTO BY

H. C. JOSEPH.

Bagged in the wilds of Assam.

The Fire
Bandour. Mussoorie
India

June 5, 1912.

Dear Ones in the Homeland,

Another week
has rolled around. A new
month is here and this is the
day, on which the rainy season
was predicted to begin. But
the prophet has miscalculated
a little, for today has been
beautifully sunny and clear.
But I suspect he's not far
wrong, and soon the "bara
barsat" (great rains) will be
upon us. Mrs. Ewing and I
are anxious that they be
delayed until after the 8th.

the stars, and seeing some
magnificent wild rugged scenery.

Just now we are in the midst
of the "Conventions for the Deepening of the
Spiritual Life", held annually in the
Town Hall, Muscovie. It is attended
principally by missionaries those who
are here for rest during the summer,
but anyone is welcome. Ernest is one
of the speakers this year - the only
young man among the other four
or five men of much greater experience.

at least, for on that day
we are giving a reception
for the bride + groom.
The wedding takes place
on the eleventh, and Mabel
+ Dr. Edwards will leave at
once on their trip through
the Himalayas to
Tangtchi, the source of the
Ganges.

Ernest and Mr. Hemphill
returned ~~from~~ from their
trip last Saturday, footsore
and a little weary, but
having had a splendid
time, tramping thru
valleys and over mountains,
crossing unbridged mountain
streams, sleeping under

He led the noon devotional meeting today and gave one of the addresses at the evening service. He speaks again tomorrow. The meetings are very helpful and inspiring. We went down at noon today, stayed for through the evening service closing at seven. Lunch + tea fare served between meetings to those who find it too far to go home.

Tomorrow Helen celebrates her second birthday + Margaret Elizabeth her 4th. It is the custom up here to celebrate all the birthdays

with parties, but I
am not having one for
Helen this year, because
of the convention meeting
and because Mrs. Erving &
I are ~~at~~ already busy
planning for our reception.
However, I have a doll
all ready for her, and Mabel
has sent her a nice woolly
sheep; so she will be happy.
Speaking of ~~the~~ heavy shoes,
Mary, Helen got her first pair
only a couple of weeks ago;
and she was so proud of
them that for the first
few nights we had to let
her wear them to bed.
I wish you could all

well indeed for a two-year-old. But
I am anxious now that she shall
soon talk English too. She would, if we
gave her half a chance and talked to
her in English ourselves; and that is what
we must do; for she will still get the
Hindustani from the ayah and the servants.

Father I must write something
now which will be of special interest
to you; and it's one of the things that
go to show that the world isn't so large
after all. I was at a tea-party at
Mrs. Menzies ^{one of its missionaries of its Christian Church} a few days ago; and happened

see her in her red
sweater. She certainly
is fascinating. We have
her so well trained that
she seldom thinks of
going outdoors when the
sun is shining, without
her 'topi' (pith hat). She
is very fond of giving
advice. Last night she
said to her father when
he started out for a little
walk about seven o'clock,
"Bihar na chalo papa;
hawa chalti hai."
(Don't go out papa; the
wind is blowing.)
We think she does very

to meet there a Mrs. Taylor. In the
course of the conversation, I was
very much surprised to learn that
her husband had once been pastor
of the Free Methodist Church in
Aurora; and learning the years
of his pastorate, I said "well I
shouldn't be at all surprised if
my father knew him". Later, meeting
Mr. Taylor himself, I mentioned

The Fair

Bandour. Muscovie

India

June 13, 1912.

Dear Folks at Home.

The event of the week has been the Griffith-Edwards wedding solemnized in Kelly Memorial Church at 11:30 A.M. June 11th. Now I'm not going to attempt a detailed account of the affair, but must say it was one of the prettiest weddings I have ever seen.

The heavy rains a few days previous had spoiled all the wild roses & other flowers, so the decorations of the church were entirely in green - fir & ferns, but it was lovely. As matron of honor, I led the bridal party to the altar, followed by

caused quite a sensation - as one
doesn't see white satin often among
missionaries. I had almost forgotten
how lovely it was, myself. It isn't any worse
for having lain undisturbed in my trunk
for almost three years. After the ceremony
there was a nice wedding breakfast at
Upper Woodstock for the members of our own
mission. Then about three o'clock the bride
& groom set out on their trip through the
mountains. Several donkeys & colliers
had been sent on ahead with their
baggage & provisions. And now we have
settled down to common living again.

the two little flower girls,
Ruth Sillman + Bessie
Lawrence. Then came
the bride, seated on the
arm of Rev. Mr. Mitchell,
followed by the two ushers,
Rev. Hyles + Rev. Moore.
Mabel is the typical
Harrison Fisher bride
tall + slender + graceful.
and she looked lovely
in a white marquisette
gown beautifully embroidered
wearing tulle veil
held in place with orange
blossoms. Rev. John Forham
performed the ceremony.
Ernest was best man.
My own gown seems to have

Ernest returned to Allahabad yesterday.
And Helen + I face three or four months
without him. He will not be able to get back again.
On the Saturday before the wedding, Mrs. Ewing
& I gave a reception for the bride + groom to about
sixty guests. It was very nice; we served fruit salad,
chicken wafers, cucumbers + lettuce sandwiches
coffee, tea, chocolate, cake, stuffed dates + several
kinds of candy.

Helen has not been well for several days. When I took her
to Dr. Fullerton for examination, she said she had very
enlarged tonsils (which seemed to be a chronic condition)
a catarrhal conjunctivitis + a chronic tendency. I have
been following instructions very carefully and today she
seems much better. Dr. Fullerton is fine! Before coming
to India she was probably the foremost woman physician
in America. She has retired now but lives in a cottage just
below us + is very kind about prescribing for us.

She and her sister were
in our mission at
Fatehgarh until about
a year & a half ago when
they retired. They are
both about sixty years
of age - superior women.
They went home to America
for a year but have
returned to their little
cottage here in the hills
to spend the rest of their
lives.

A big Round Robin came
last week together with
good personal letters
from father, Bob, &
Mary. Thank you all.
Nell received Cousin Margaret's

kisses, & throws me across
the ocean to her.

Oh, I forgot to mention, we had
guests from Arabia for breakfast
last Sunday. The Calverlys
& a Miss Spatch. They have
come here for their vacation;
this is their nearest hill-station,
a two-weeks' trip down the
Persian Gulf across the Indian
Ocean. Mr. Calverly was a
friend of both Mr. Newphill &
Ernest in Princeton Seminary.
But neither of them had the
slightest idea he was anywhere
in this vicinity until by chance
I heard of his name mentioned
by one of our guests at the reception
the day before. Thank you for the
U.P. Song book father. These tunes I
think must be a great improvement on
the old ones ordinarily used.
Much love to you all
Margaret.

Aug 7, 1912

The Fire-landover

Star ones in the U.S.A.

And still it rains. My early letters to Ernest are worth weather reports these days. Sometimes we can get out between showers but usually we get caught before we get home. & lovely, but it may change in the space of half an hour or less, to mists and rain. The weather is absolutely unreliable - but it has been so bad for the

To work at the same even if one
visit my
I have been suffering with headache
considerably lately - Pain in the
back part of my head - At first I thought
it might be due to too steady & close
application to my work in language study -
But I'm now inclined to think now
that I have had a little touch of the
disease. If that is the case, there's nothing
to be done but to rest - I'll
not become careless in that kind of
work, but I'll see how I can work here now & then

most part that
there has been scarcely
any visiting here and
path between cottages;
and even the walas
(beddars) of whom we usually
have plenty, have been
prevented from coming
with their wares.

But yesterday they all
took advantage of the
fog of morning & poured
down upon us in a body
there were four men.

and at the same time
brought their packs &
displayed their wares.

It's always interesting.

In having company in the fire room. Miss
Johnson has come up from Saharapur on her
vacation; & her father has moved on from
Upper Woodstock. It is nice to have someone
else stirring about in this big house
I just heard today that Mr. Bull Love & his wife
are among the new missionaries coming out to
the Punjab this fall. I remember him from
college days, tho' I think he was only a Prep or a
Freshman then.
Mrs. Smith celebrated her fifty birthday last
Saturday & Helen was one of the little guests at
the party. She seemed quite properly, but ate
much of apple-snow, cookies & cake. She manages
a stove very neat quantities of food these days.
I weigh $110\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. so you see I'm holding my own
I sang a solo last Sunday in church; & also sang some
songs at a tea at Mrs. Lebisons this afternoon - letter to all
Margaret.

brown as berries.

They had tramped in all about 200 miles and had come within 25⁺ miles of reaching the source of the Indus one of the most sacred spots in India.

We spent the fourth of July in the "dak-bungalow" at Dharamatti - celebrating the day by wearing small ~~small~~ American flags and singing all the national airs we could remember. There are many of these "dak-bungalows" throughout the country - built by the Government for

hut. We approached and entered into
conversation with her, and by offering
a little more than the things
actually cost finally persuaded her
to part with some of her jewellery.
She gave us ~~four~~ ^{five} silver ear rings
and a finger ring. The ear rings were
large circles about an inch & a half
in diameter with some little silver
pendants attached. She was wearing
six or seven in each ear. We felt quite
proud of our purchase for these people

government officials or
travellers who may be
going through on business.
I hope my email him-
self of the shelter thus
provided - and at no cost
to himself except some
bakshish to the keeper.
We took some short
tramps out from the
bungalow and through
the little village. In one
place we saw an attractive
looking woman wearing
a picturesque red head-
dress & a great deal of
jewellery standing out in
front of a little thatched.

put everything they have almost into
jewellery and will seldom sell it.

Their jewellery is their bank:

We all came back together the next
day. It was a delightful outing and has
made me quite enthusiastic about taking
other trips of the same kind.

Mabel + Dr. Edwards have gone down to Allahabad
and will live in our house until I come down
or perhaps until annual meeting when they
will likely be sent to another station.

Bob, you might send this letter on to mother ^{if} need.
It will save me writing the same story again. You need not
forward the pictures as we are sending them others.
It was nice to get your good letter last week, May, out.
With a great deal of love for you all
Margaret.

The Dis - Bandour
June 17, 1912

Dear Home-Folks,

Since the
wedding festivities are over,
we have been living rather
quietly. The only excitement
has been a ^{suspected} case of
small-pox in the house.
Mr. Forman had been feeling
not very well for several days
and finally called in the Dr.
He was not very sick but
finally some appeared some
spots on his face which the
Dr. thought looked suspicious.
There was nothing to do
but await further develop-
ments and in the mean-
time to take the usual
precautions. So we were all
vaccinated; and as Mr.

tooth to cut before all her troubles are
over. She is in it every thing that she can
reach these days, and talks and talks.
Ernest finds it pretty hot in Allahabad
but not unbearable. He and Mr. Bembower
are the only men in the station now, so
they are kept pretty busy looking after all
the work.

Last night I sang a solo at a concert in aid
of the Soldiers' Home. People seemed to enjoy it,
but I did not think it went well; and
again came to the conclusion which I
have arrived at many times before, that
I was never meant to be a public singer.
I help lead the singing in church and

Forman's bedroom
adjoins mine, over the
door between the two rooms
a sheet has been hung
and this has been kept
moist with carbolic acid.
But the interesting ~~to~~ and
rather amusing thing is
that there have been no
further developments and
the patient is getting along
beautifully. We are all
thinking it will be quite
a joke if we have been
vaccinated for indigestion
or something just as
harmless!! Helen is quite well again,
but she still has a stomach-

and sing solos once in a while.

The real rains are holding off nicely so that the bride + groom have had a fine week at least on their trip through the mountains.

Since King George's accession we of course have had a new issue of postage-stamps. You will notice one of the new ones on this envelope.

With much love to you all -
Margaret.

The Firs - Candour
June 26, 1912

Dear Home Folks,

We have been having a succession of teas and luncheons etc. this week. It seems as if everyone was trying to get all their entertaining done before the heavy rains come on. The days are delightful up here now. But on the plains the heat is terrible - over 115° in Allahabad now. When Ernest lies down for a nap, he finds on arising both sheet + mattress wet with perspiration + this with a "punkha" swinging over him too.

I've been out to tea this week with Mrs. Wherry and Mrs. Innes (both of the Punjab Mission); and on another

making both ends meet. In a country
where almost everyone has servants, I must have
them for the sake of one's reputation - other
work, the soldier class have to go without
them and get along as best they can.

Today I gave a luncheon to five of the
young ladies of our mission, and tomorrow
I'm having in five others. Mrs. Erving & I
expect to give a large tea next week and
then I think I shall have fulfilled
my social obligations for the season -

Mr. Forman has entirely recovered
from his indisposition, whatever it
was - not small-pox anyway. But I'll have
a tiny mark on my arm as a memento of the

day with Mrs. Symington -
She is the daughter of one of
our old missionaries, Mrs.
Wyckoff, a charming elderly
lady. Yesterday Mrs. Ewing
entertained a lot of the
soldiers & their wives of
the Scotch Regiment. Each
family came with one or
more children ranging in
age from five weeks to five
~~months~~ ^{years}, ~~that~~ that there
was a crowd of about
seventy here. Those of us
who weren't helping serve
the tea were busy taking
care of the babies while
their mothers ate -
These people have a
rather uninteresting life
I think, and many of them
have real difficulty in

occasion.

A few evenings ago at dinner I was eating some peas (in Hindustani, "mattar") I didn't think Helen knew the name of them but thought I would ask her; so taking some on my fork I said, "yih kyā chiz hai?" (what are these?) She replied without a moment's hesitation "Yōli" (balls).

No Round Robin or personal letter came from any of you last week -
with dearest love to you all
Margaret

The heat is
still terrible
on the plains.

The First. Bandour.

Muscovite, India.

July 2, 1912.

Dear Home Folks.

The principal contents of this letter will be the pictures which I am enclosing. Inasmuch as they are very good of Kelen, I have had some extra ones printed this time; and I have indicated on the back how you might distribute them, Yathrib. Kelen is very well now, and trots around outdoors & in, chattering all day long to her doll, the abak, for herself. It would amuse you to see and hear her say "salam".

even tho' naughty. I expect to leave her
in the care of the ayah for three days;
as tomorrow a small party of us are
starting for Okhualti - sixteen miles
out thru the mountains, there to meet
the bride & groom & escort them back to
Kandour. We expect to tramp most of
the time but we will take a couple of
dandis along in case any of us give out.

A personal letter from father & two
enormous Round Robins flew in a few
days ago. It took me nearly all day Sunday
to get thru them all; but they were
very interesting reading. He returned

~~at~~ She uses the Hindustani
"thank you"; so whenever
she is given anything, she
touches her hand to her
forehead in the real Indian
fashion, and says "salnam".
We always insist on her saying
this and usually beforehand
for the word also means
"please". But lately she has
gotten into the habit of going
to the cupboard + helping herself
without asking permission
if I happen to be in sight,
she will come up, her one
hand tightly grasping the
cookie or cracker, & with
the other salnam me
enthusiastically, thus hoping,
I suppose, to make up for
her disobedience in the first
place. It's really very funny.

missionaries whom I mentioned as having
been in Worcester first I think were Mr. & Mrs.
Bundy of Fitchburg. Thank you for the Pictorial
Review. I often see pictures of dresses that our
larger can copy, especially for Helen.

I was pleased to hear of Amelia's marriage. May
didn't even know she was engaged tho' indications
pointed that way. Bob, you certainly do
well in describing the weekly development
of your little son. That's fine. How glad to see
a picture of him. He looks like some of Tom's
baby pictures. Whom has Jake Davis married,
May? And is he still in China? I have just read
an article on the new Worcester Syn. in the New York
Observer. It must be a great building. I enclose a
few *China* clippings - how to get all
Margaret.

The Falls

Carbondale, Missouri.

July 14, 1912

Dear Home Folks -

A personal letter
from father and a Round
Robin have just been delivered.
David, I notice, has made
another move. How do you
like this flitting about?
Life should certainly not be-
come monotonous for you.
Ernest has just sent on the
Indianapolis papers. Tom
I enjoyed reading them
very much. It was nice to
see a home paper again.
Even the advertisements
were interesting.

Bob Q. Jr. is certainly a very smart
youngster. Think I cutting teeth at
three months! Helen was open a year
old before she had even one. How soon I
hope the boy won't have as hard a
time as Helen has had with all 7 hers.

I am monarch of all I survey
here in the fire now. The other
occupants have left - most of them
going back to their stations on the
plains. Mrs. Sillan who was here

I'm sorry you didn't have
a chance for a longer
talk with Misses Mary and
Emily Forman father -
They are delightful women
and Miss Mary could have
given you first hand news of
us. She is principal of the
Mary Wainmaker School
in Allentown. I didn't
know they were to be in
Worcester so I would have
written you about it.

It's too bad the last act
of Amelia's wedding was
such a disappointment;
but 'twas mighty lucky they
didn't miss their boat.

has moved over into the new cottage
next door. I am not especially
pleased with the distinction; but
no one has tried to carry us off yet.
And it is not nearly so lonely as it
was two years ago when I was here
alone, at Kelmscott and I am both very
well, and then we have near neighbors.
By the way, father, do you remember
a Mr. Walter Silliman who taught in

Remington Seminary Aurora
'years ago? I remembered
the name & asked Mr.
William if she had a
brother-in-law who once
taught there. She didn't
know but produced a
picture of the four
brothers - without any
hesitation whatever I
picked out the one who
had been in Aurora.
Later I asked Mr. William
about it, and he said
his brother had taught
there for a while.

I saw a fine, plump
week old baby, a few

sees in the pictures - particularly
the man who is delivering a speech
and gesticulating wildly. The other day
I overheard Kellen carrying on this con-
vention with the Eskimos (right-
watchman) he had come in from a heavy
rain & was quite wet. I really should not
call it a convention however as
Kellen talked right along allowing the
other no chance for remarks.
"Tum bhiga ho? Haa! Coat bhiga hai.
yeh bhi bhiga hai. Sab bhiga hai."

days ago. Grace Colverly.
she goes in the fall
with her parents to
habia to begin her
little life.

On these days when it
rains so much it is
necessary to keep Helen
indoor a great deal.
But she is eager to amuse.
Her favorite pastime
is turning the leaves of
a magazine & looking
at the pictures. Lately she
has gotten into the
habit of trying to imitate
the actions of those she

Turn Thakhs. Mat ai. Kam safa
karengi. Thakhs. Kam safa karengi.
which being translated, means: "Are you
wet? yes, your coat is wet. This is
wet too (feeling his shirt). Everything is
wet. You wait. Don't come. I will
clear it. wait. I will clear it"
and she trotted off to the bedroom to get a towel
to get the full effect of this you should have
heard the intonation. It was perfect.

Much love to you all
Margaret

The First
Bandour - Mussoorie

July 10, 1912 India -

Dear loved ones

The mists are
rolling in today in great
waves, covering everything.
The rains have begun; and
the house is filled with
dampness. Soon our shoes
& floors will begin to
mildew. The rains aren't
altogether pleasant in the
mountains; and yet when
the torrent ceases for a
time and the mists
rise these hillsides are
lovely in their fresh

and evening at the Kirk and holding
an informal service at the Fort.

It is feared this is going to be a good deal
of a burden to him along with his other
work during these very hot months; but hope
he may get through the summer all right.

Last Wednesday morning at 8:30 we
set out on our trip to Dharamatti - 16
miles. Tramping most of the way along
narrow mountain roads with great
ledges of rock above us and precipitous
ravines or deep rocky valleys beneath us.

abundant verdure, ablaze
with dahlias of all
colours, and the trees
a mass of moss and
ferns. But on the plains
the rain is welcomed
with eagerness + joy. Life
would be almost unen-
surable during July and
August, without it.
Ernest has been having
fever for a few days, but
writes that he ^{has} about
gotten over it. He began
his work as chaplain
of the Royal Scots, last
Sunday, preaching morning

There were six of us in the party
and we had two dandies along, in
case any of us got tired + wanted a
ride. At supper I walked about
half the distance both going + coming.
We also had six coolies carrying
provisions and luggage (bedding).
We stopped along the way an hour + a half
for breakfast, then pushed on, reaching
our destination at 4:00 P.M. The bride +
groom arrived from the opposite direction
half an hour later. They were looking fine +

Jumna Mission
Allahabad, India
Oct. 10, 1912

Dear Folks in the U.S.A.

I have been busy all week
boning + writing language examinations.
I have written two on Urdu books and two
on Hindi. I have another tomorrow and
then that will finish all the work of the
second year course. Ernest + I will then
start even. He has had no time to study
this year and so is taking only two of
examinations which he did not finish up
last year. He really is not having a fair
chance to do even these two satisfactorily.
The days are filled to overflowing with
mission business. He tries to take a
little time each night to look at
the language, but ~~at~~ ^{this is} a time when
he is already worn out with the
stress of the day's work, and reading
Persian or Hindi characters by lamp-
light is very hard on the eyes.

We go to Fatehpur on next Tuesday
for our annual mission meeting.

We women of Allahabad have to do the catering this year. It's no small task to manage the food arrangements for about 60 people for a period of ten days or so. Mrs. Ewing in these days of desolation has been keeping busy in activities of various kinds and is acting as chairman of our committee.

I began my work in the High School last week. I have four classes this year in English - Hindu & Mohammedan boys who are preparing for Colley entrance - about 25 of these same non-Christians too. I teach every Sunday morning at 7:15 in the H. S. Sunday School. In our Gurdwara Church Sunday School where I also have a class of little girls, the membership is almost entirely Christian. But the H. S. Sunday School is just the opposite of this. Here we have 250 boys practically all Hindus and Mohammedans. Ernest conducted his last service at the Kirk last Sunday. I sang a solo.

He has been preaching there now for
three and a half months. He has enjoyed
it and yet it has been something of a burden,
with all the other work here.

Helen has not been well today -
She was burning with fever last
night and has had a slight temperature
all day - also a tendency to dysentery.
I had hoped she would get through
the remaining days of the hot weather,
sound & well. But just this one day's
attack of fever has pulled her down
considerably. A few days ^{ago} she made
a most shocking remark. I saw her
picking up a box of matches and taking
one out. Asking her what she was going
to do with it she replied "I am cigarette
mantra" (I want a cigarette.) whenever she
may have required that word, I don't
know. My only light on the subject is
that when we were coming down from
the hills, we had an unusually long
stop at one station. Bechari my servant,
took Helen out and walked her up &
down the platform for some time. A

number of men were smoking
cigarettes, + I'm not sure but Beckai
himself got one + smoked it. + he
may have mentioned the name to her.
With dearest love to you all
Margaret.

Excuse the use of pencil
on the first sheet of this
letter. I was writing in mission
meeting where I did not have
ink. The last one of our four
or five fountain pens has
disappeared. My dear husband
breaks or loses his pens, then
appropriates mine - until
now, all are gone!

The examiners and others
are saying very nice things
about my work in the language
examinations. It would not be
seemly to say more about this
myself, but I have seldom re-
ceived higher praise than I
have heard during the last week
as a result of the examinations.

Father, is it necessary for me
to say in so many words
"I like India?" Can't you read
between the lines? Haven't
you any imagination? The
idea of telling people you
don't know whether we like
India or not! The tone of
my letters ought to tell you
that.

You spoke of Aunt Annie's
purpose to send Helen a little
dress. You had better have
people register packages. Several
have been lost lately.

With dearest love

Margaret

Jatehpur - Maswa
Oct 23, 1912.

Dear Home Folks,

We are still here at Annual meeting - sitting in business sessions nearly all day, and sometimes into the evenings also. altho usually after dinner we give ourselves up to jollification music and stunts etc.

We have been invited out twice to garden parties once at the home of the collector & Muhammedan and again at the home of Mrs. Mrs. Alexander, people

Mr. & Mrs. Slater, who have been
connected with the Agricultural
Dept. of the College, are to go to
Etah in our stead. Because of
Dr. Ewing's death, the fact
that his place has not been
filled yet, the mission does not
feel that earnest can be spared
from the College now. But
when Mr. Henry Forman goes
home on Foully in March,
Gualier must be occupied,
and all indications point to

in government service here -
We have also had them
as our guests at dinner.
The Mohammedan was dressed
in the height of English
fashion. He sat at the table
and ate with us just as
any Christian gentleman -
and when at prayers we
sang a hymn, I noticed
he joined in also.

Lots of business is being
transacted. Ernest had
been elected Treasurer.
He also preached the
annual sermon on
Sunday evening. As to
our transfer of that has
not been decided on yet.

to the fact that we will be
sent some men - provided
an ~~the~~ ~~meantime~~ satisfactory
provision can be made for
the college. I believe the
Board have just about decided
to call to the Presidency of
the college, Dr. Garrison of Philadelphia.
The mission has changed the
name from the Alabamian
Christian College, to the Arthur
Ewing Christian College.

Gumna Mission
Allahabad.
Nov. 3, 1912

Dear Ones,

Ernest has just written a good letter to his socks. I told him he should have made a carbon copy and sent one to the Elder branch as well. However since that was not done, he has given me permission to make some extracts from his epistle and send them on to you - I think I'll just appropriate some of the letter adding perhaps a few remarks of my own in parenthesis. So please give him credit just as if he had written this first-hand to you himself -

Tomorrow is election-day isn't it? I hope that the right man shall be elected and I am inclined to think that the right man is Wilson. As I go further into my studies along economic lines, I am becoming more & more convinced that we are all wrong in America in our tariff schedules. They surely must be revised; I am not particular who does it, but I insist that they

a revised "downwards". I suppose tomorrow will be a great day in the U.S. and I should like to partake in the wild life for about one and one half hours. Neither the British nor the Indian understand anything about enthusiasm as the French & Americans understand the word.

Well it looks as if we were going to be transferred for sure (and that ^{M.F.E.} that) immediately instead of waiting till next spring. Last week Mr. Henry Forman received a cablegram that his wife in Lausanne Switzerland was dangerously ill. She and their little son had preceded Mr. Forman on their surlough and were intending to spend the winter in Switzerland. Another cablegram a few days later brought the word that Mrs. Forman's condition was ^{growing worse}. Mr. Forman caught the ^{night} boat leaving Bombay that same week, (last Sat.) and is now on his way across the ocean. Whether his wife recovers or not Mr. Forman will of course not return to India now, but continue on to ^{the} ^{west} ^{coast} ^{to} ^{visit} ^{his} ^{wife} ^{to} ^{spend} ^{his} ^{surlough!}

This leaves the important station of evolution unoccupied, and it has ^{on 6/6} about been decided to send us. It seems a critical time for Ernest to leave the college with all the extra burdens that are resting upon the men here; but ~~we~~ ^{we} are short-handed everywhere and there seems no one from another station who can be sent. We hope to get away in two weeks if the action is ratified by the remaining members of the Executive Committee. I will be ⁱⁿ two years and during that time I hope to put in some good weeks on Sanskrit language and Hindu philosophy. I also hope to do some writing. On the one hand we are very glad for this chance to take a course in Indian life, and know that we will be much the stronger for it when we come back to the college. I hope to do some village preaching and to see how the other nine-tenths live. The students do not know about it yet and I hate to tell them for it is very bad policy to swap horses in the middle of a stream. Yet something had to be done as we are afraid the Maharajah of Gwalior might shut us out, if

if we do not get in soon and hold on. You
may remember that I wrote you about a
year ago about the peculiar circumstances
that make it possible for our mission to
work in this large native state which
is altogether Hindu and ruled by a ruler
of the Hindus (who is not very kindly
disposed toward Christianity) years ago
when the present rajah's father was
ruling a medical missionary, Dr. Warren &
his wife went to work in Travancore and
Dr. Warren made good with the Rajah by his
medical skill. He died (so . . .) and his wife
lived on there for many years. The present
Rajah then a young boy, used to visit Mrs.
Warren and she became almost like a
second mother to him. She died long ago,
and since that time the station has been
vacant. The Rajah allows no other mission
to go in, and we are permitted to work in
his state only because of the Warrens.
The Maharajah allowed Dr. Forman to go in
only on condition that he be considered a
successor to Mrs. Warren. I can see
that our condition is quite precarious,
and I am hoping that I shall make

no serious blunder and send our
 chances & options in. I hope to be able to
 work along with and cultivate His
 Honour and be able to get in some
 work without having the door shut
 in my face. Dr. Lucas put the matter
 in his naive way 'I do not think the man
 you suggest (I was recommending another
 man for the place) would do at all. We
 must be careful and I think you will
 be able to make friends with the
 'Mammon & Unrighteousness'. This is a
 very doubtful compliment but I am
 afraid it has a grain of truth in it for I
 have always had a hankering after the
 Mammon. I hope the Mammon will be
 friends, I wonder if he plays tennis.
 The Mammon has fifteen autos and
 50 elephants and is one of the
 wealthiest individuals in all India.
 (Indeed, I have heard he is the wealthiest
 person in the world in ready-cash.)

Yours

Ernest

You had better continue to address
 us in Allahabad until we send

you would definitely about our change
of address.

Ernest is going over to Walton in
a few days to look over the situation -
Dr. Forman left so suddenly that there
was no time to leave word about
anything. This makes it even more
difficult for us to get in there -
We shall be the only Americans
there. Of course there are some English
in government service but even
they are few in number.

Helen and I have both had bad colds
for several days. We seem to be
improving slowly.

With much love to you all
Margaret

Nov. 7 Helen had a sick spell last
evening and high fever all night.
I am trying to keep her in bed today.
She seems to be feeling better and wants
to get up.

JUMNA MISSION,
ALLAHABAD.

Nov. 14, 1912

Dear some Folks -

It has been
definitely decided that we
are to go to Gwalior.
We shall leave as soon
as we can get ~~get~~
packed up. I stopped
teaching in the High
School today; and tomorrow
expect to begin packing.
Ernest will have to
keep on with his Colley

we have had a visitor this
week - Miss Katherine Crane
of Peking, China - on her way to
America on furlough. She
is taking in the important
cities of India on her way
home. We found her very
interesting. She was a Smith
College girl and knew Mrs.
Edwards slightly.

Helen still has a cold and

work till the last
minute; so Jim afraid
he won't have much
time to help get the
goods ready for shipment.
It seems a big job but
I suppose we shall
manage it somehow.
I wish we had you
here, rather to pack
our dishes. That
job is left to Ernest,
Jim afraid it will be
ruinous to the
china, but Jim afraid
Jim not much better myself.

something of a cough. But
seems to be getting over both
gradually.

I was quite overcome this
morning in school when one
of the young Hindu teachers ^{at least 25 yrs. old} came
to me before school and said
most seriously "Madam I am sorry
you are going to leave Allahabad. Your
husband is one of my patrons (meaning
good friend & councillor). I must ask your

JUMNA MISSION,

ALLAHABAD.

motherly advice about
a certain matter," well
I was preparing myself to
hear of some domestic
trouble or matrimonial
difficulty, when to my amaze-
ment he said that he hoped
for an increase in salary
and begged that I would
intercede in his behalf
with my husband and Dr.
Edwards!" I'm afraid my
"motherly advice" wasn't
very comforting nor
encouraging, as I had

I am sending you, daddy, a
couple of parcels containing
some Christmas remembrances
will you please see that they
are distributed to the various
members of the family according
to the way I have designated
on each. The sofa-pillow cover
which we are sending you
have Mary make up for you,
and use it on your office chair

I am sending you, daddy a
couple of parcels, containing
some Christmas remembrances
will you please see that they
are distributed to the various
members of the family according
to the way I have designated
on each. The sofa pillow cover
which we are sending you
have Mary make up for you,
and use it on your office chair

to tell him he would
have to manage that
matter himself as neither
Mr. Well nor myself had
anything to do with it.

The new lieutenant-gov.
of the United Provinces
arrived in Allahabad
today. I hear he had
a grand reception. All
the ~~government~~ officials
and Indian nobility
in their rich, gay
clothing were out to
welcome him.

or window seat. In case there
is any trouble about these packages
and you are asked to pay duty
give the value of both as about
\$3.00 I wonder how you will all
be spending Christmas this year
we shall celebrate it quite alone
I suppose, as there are no other
Americans in Gvatorial.

wishing you all a merry time
yours lovingly ^{The cufflinks} for David are jade.

Margaret
The little glass bouquets
for Mary & Michael
are what many
of the Indian children wear who
can't afford
silver ones.

JUNNA MISSION,

ALLAHABAD.

To whom it may concern:

It really is not
necessary to send back
for a third trip across
the ocean clippings
which have come
from America in ^{the}
first place!

A big Round Robin
came last week. His
dear to hear you all
are flourishing.

Love,

Georgia Colhemus was
married on the 24th. of Oct.
to Asst. Louis B. Sherwin,
a Presb. minister. I
haven't heard yet where
they are to live.

So sorry
to hear you
have not been
well gather
Take good
care of yourself.
I'm glad you
friends here
in So. King

Norah Quarror

Dec. 2, 1912

Dear Ones in the U.S.A

Another week

has gone; and while we are
not completely settled yet,
we are headed that way.
We have spent a little
time calling (out here
you know the new
corners must make the
calls first) but most of
the days have been
given over to cleaning,
unpacking, and putting

had a heavy wood fire in the grate, but Mrs. Glass aroused our fears by saying she never dared risk a wood fire in the hearth because of the thatch roof. So the last few nights we have dispensed with the fire and sat around wrapped up in blankets.

I shall not attempt to describe our house as I'm afraid I could not make it clear. We have a parlor, dining room, two bedrooms with large dressing rooms &

in order. This is a
very old bungalow with
thatched roof (as are
practically all the houses
here); and it would look
better with some of the
numerous nail-holes
filled up and a fresh coat
of white-wash inside
and out; but it's not
in bad shape, and I
think we shall like
it here very much.

The evenings and
nights have been very
cold. For a few days we

bath-rooms attached, a long
narrow study, ^{for exercise} with little cubby holes
of windows three rows of them
cut out along the whole length
of the wall; a little study or
writing-room for me; a pantry, and
two store rooms. The kitchen
is a short distance - from the house.
In the bath-rooms the stands for
wash bowl + ^{pitcher} basin etc are
made of cement with large
stone tops (Anwalas is famous
for its stone-quarries) We have

To have one extra servant
here - The *kikishti* (water
carrier) we have two
large wells on the place.
The *kikishti* carries water
from these in a large
goat skin and keeps the
large earthen-ware jars
in bath-rooms & kitchen
filled. It is his business
also to heat water for
baths & bring it to the
bath-room when wanted.

I think I wrote you
last week about calling
at the Palace of the
Maharajah we have also

Today there came an
invitation for the family to
attend the Annual Childrens
Christmas Party given on Jan 2nd.
by the English Club & Quakers.
As to our work here - we shall
have to make it. We are up
against the missionary work -
pure & simple without any
chance of getting comfort by
keeping busy in institutions -
and owing to the attitude of
the Maharajah, the work must be

called on some of the
civilians, Major & Mrs.
Anderson (the former
is the doctor here)
returned the call very
promptly and also
invited us to dinner
a few days later. There
were some other guests,
English people, whose
acquaintance we were
glad to make, & it was
a very beautiful elaborate
dinner. Someone wrote
the other day, asking
for the names and age
of our little girls, and

done quietly in great public
meetings, rather personal
private talks with an individual
or small groups. The head master
of a Hindu School ^{has} agreed to let
Ernest teach English to the oldest
students three times a week and in
this way he hopes to ^{get} ~~at~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
boys and their families. Already
a good many of the U. S. boys have come
to the house to have ^{personal} talks
with him.

Helen is flourishing; eating more and
growing bigger - every day.
With dearest love to ^{you all}
the record that Margaret was with her two
Mrs. Forman died in Dec. Mr. Forman ^{was} ^{with} ^{her} ^{two}
Switzerland on 1st Dec. ^{weeks} ^{before} ^{the}
^{and} ^{came}

Morar, Gualior.

Dec. 22, 1912.

Dear Ones at Home,

The packet of five or six Round Robins, which I had been previously informed about, arrived last week. I devoted one evening to their perusal. The most interesting thing I found in them all was Mary's letter telling the contents of a package which was on its way to us in charge of Mrs. Remphill. She arrives this week and I hope to see her in Ghause in a few days. Helen & I are going over there on the 26th. and spend two days at a houseparty, given by the Belegs and Miss Lawton. We have made no preparations for Christmas yet. This is not much of a place in which to buy things. I brought along from Allahabad for Helen a little set of tin dishes and a doll-carriage. And I have two dolls put away for her, given by a couple of the missionaries. We shall decorate a little tree for her Tuesday night, and put up the red-bells which father sent a couple of years ago.

I hoped to bake some cakes and make

Morar, Gwalior.

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The packet of five or six Round Robins, which I had been previously informed about arrived last week. I devoted one evening to their perusal. The most interesting thing I found in them all was Mary's letter telling the contents of a package which was on its way to us in charge of Mrs. Hemphill. She arrives this week and I hope to see her in Ghause in a few days. Helen & I are going over there on the 26th and spend two days at a houseparty, given by the Beyleys and Miss Lawton. We have made no preparations for Christmas yet. This is not much of a place in which to buy things. I brought along from Allahabad for Helen a little set of tin dishes and a doll-carriage. And I have two dolls put away for her, given by a couple of the missionaries. We shall decorate a little tree for her Tuesday night, and put up the red-bells which father sent a couple of years ago.

I hoped to bake some cakes and make

some candy; but have had no time as yet.
The house is just beginning to look edgy &
home-like. There were a good many repairs
necessary on it, plastering it here & there,
putting in panes of glass; having new hinges
put on doors etc etc. And as I've said before,
you can't hustle the East. You give an
order, say for a new beam to be put over
a door. A couple of days later, the carpenter
will come and take a look at the place.
Several days more pass and he comes
with a few tools & begins work, taking
out the old beam, perhaps. But he has
brought no more wood to take its
place. Again there is a delay of a day or
two before he finally arrived with the
new beam. He puts this in. Then
discovers that a new beam ought to
be put on the side also as the old
is too rotten to hold the hinges of the
door. Another day elapses. Then in order
to get this side beam in place he must
take out the new beam he has already
put in, & begin work again. Finally his job
is completed. But we must still wait a day

or so for a mason to come and plaster up the place. And so it goes. One must learn patience if he is to enjoy any peace of mind out here.

As I wrote on the postcard this last week has been a great festival time among Hindus and Mohammedans. "Muharram" is probably the biggest ~~day~~ celebration of the whole Moslem year. But here in Gwalior Hindus celebrate it as well; and because of the Maharajah's interest and patronage it is most elaborate - in fact, I believe it is one of the most famous celebrations of the festival in all of India. The Muharram holidays and all the rites connected with them commemorate a day famous in Moslem history when Hussein, one of the grandsons of the Prophet rode forth to battle & was slain. The "Tazia" is the most important thing in the celebrations. This represents a magnificent tomb. The grandest one is constructed by the Maharajah - a beautiful, glittering, pinnacled structure, probably made of bamboo, but completely covered with gold & silver tinsel,

mica etc. so that it looks like a splendid silver palace with a great dome and innumerable delicate minarets and spires. Workmen are busy the whole year constructing this thing of beauty. Besides this principal Tazia there are many others - beautiful in themselves - but of lesser magnificence & magnitude.

We did not realize the importance & extent of the celebrations until a notice came from the Maharajah, inviting us with the other Europeans of the city to attend the various festivities. They began on Tuesday night Dec. 17th. with the "Durbar Tazia". This was chiefly a grand reception by the Maharajah. In the rear of a great open pavilion stood the Tazia the entrance to which represented a broad beautiful avenue through a lovely garden. No one was allowed to enter here except the effigies (priests) and the women. In front of the vestibule were great arches splendidly and artistically decorated & illuminated

3

with electric lights and Japanese lanterns.
In a small pavilion at one side the
guests received coffee, cake etc.
The Maharajah, dressed in English costume
with the exception of the green pagre (turban)
mingled freely with his guests. We both
went presented to him shaking hands
as we would with any ordinary person.
But I had the privilege also of meeting
the Maharanis. I use the plural as there
are two queens in the palace, the
mother of the Maharajah, a very unattractive
woman, and his wife, a sweet girlish-
looking woman with almost a childish
innocent face, altho they say she is over
30 years of age. These women of course
keep purdah their faces never being
looked upon by men other than
of their own family. So Ernest was
excluded from the honor of seeing the
queens. But we women went in
behind several sets of screens and
finally entered a large pavilion,
where on cushions on the floor at one
side, the Maharanis sat, chatting simply

with those who came up. Around them on the floor on all sides sat many other Indian women, members of noble families. I was fortunate in being with Mrs. Stephens the Superintendent of the Maharani's hospital, a woman who is very near the royal family. She introduced me to the Maharani and then with her I sank on my knees beside the little queen and conversed with her a short time. She speaks English somewhat, in a quaint interesting way. She told me she loved Americans; wanted to know how long I had been and would be in Gwalior; asked me if I was fond of music, could sing & play, etc. I ventured to say that I should ~~be pleased~~ ^{like to} visit her sometime in the palace. She replied quite enthusiastically, "I like to have you come."

Two evenings later, we drove over to Backhar, four miles across the city; and from the steps of the General Post Office, which place had been reserved for Europeans, we saw the great Tajia Procession - all the tagias, large &

small, beautiful & ornate, or oddly gay & fantastic, borne past on the shoulders of coolies & finally the grand Tazia itself resplendent & glittering, to which all the others seemed to do obeisance. Besides this there were camels and elephants, hundreds of troops on foot and as many others mounted, the maharajah's show-ponies, pretty prancing creatures with splendid trappings, and the maharajah himself, with his attendants, in green satin costume & an indescribable little green hat to match, with all the decorations & insignia of his office, mounted on a superb black horse. It was a sight well worth seeing.

The next morning we drove across the city again to Sagar Tal a great open plain to witness the final ceremony of the Muharram celebrations - the burial of the Tazia. Here a great pit had been excavated, perhaps 45 ft. deep and almost as wide & long. Practically the same procession as

we had seen the night before ^{the camels & the elephants,}
advanced over the field, ^{the} hundreds
& hundreds of troops arranging
themselves in orderly ranks at one
side, the lesser tazias taking their
places at intervals over the plain
in ~~such~~ places ^{where} they were later to be
interred, and the grand Tomb, preceded
by the Maharajah & his nobles, advancing
to the pit prepared for it. After oblations
of perfume and the burning of incense,
the great tazia by means of heavy rope
cables and hand-reels was pulled
out over the pit and gently lowered.
It was an exciting moment when
before the great tomb was squarely
over the opening of the pit the ropes
on one side became a little slack
and the mighty structure began to
totter & threatened to fall on its side;
but with everybody giving orders at
once, wildly gesticulating & shouting,
the coolies at work on the iron reels
quickly brought the Tazia again to its
equilibrium, and it was lowered

without mishap. A great green cloth was spread over it, a salute of guns was fired, and all was over. As the crowds turned to disperse, the coolies began filling in the excavated earth.

The sight of this great plain filled with thousands + thousands of people in their gay turbans + flowing garments in the bright colors of the East, the hundreds of Indian troops infantry + cavalry, the camels, the stately elephants + horses, the Indian nobility, the Maharajahs + his retinue richly dressed + adorned with jewels - all this was a magnificent Oriental pageant never to be forgotten.

Jan. 3, 1913

at last in getting this letter off. It's not at all up to date but I hope you will find it interesting. I shall have more interesting affairs to write about next week.

Much love to you all.

I'm sorry to hear you are not getting better, faster yet. It's unusual for you to be sick for so long a time. We do hope next week's mail will bring better word. And your parcel, Tom + M. will write you personally - Margaret.